

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Office over
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 25 Seventh St.,
Salina, Kansas.JOHN FOSTER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office,
over Gies' bank.MOHLER & GARVER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Iron Ave., east of
the postoffice, Salina, Kansas.M. D. SAMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with F. A. Wildman,
Seventh street.LOWE & MILLER,
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promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Salina
and the adjoining counties.A. J. INCERSTOLL,
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nue, over Haidrich Bros. & Hall's hardware store, Sa-
lina, Kansas.J. W. DAILY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, No. 60 Santa Fe avenue, Sa-
lina, Kansas.HENRY VERNON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER, Lincoln
Center, Lincoln county, Kansas. Respectfully solicits
the patronage of the people.DENTIST.
DR. R. E. NICKLES,
DENTIST, Office over Hamilton & Wootley's.REAL ESTATE AGENT.
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Salina, Kansas.JOHN W. BERKS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Office at the Kansas Central Land
Agency.INSURANCE AGENTS.
BISHOP & NORTON,
General Insurance Agents, No. 24 Santa Fe avenue,
Salina, Kansas.ABSTRACT OF TITLES.
BISHOP & NORTON,
Proprietors of the abstract of titles in Saline
county.HOTELS.
CITY HOTEL.
A. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor. Free conveyance to
and from the depot. Corner Santa Fe and Kansas
streets.TRAVELER'S HOUSE,
W. THOM, Proprietor. Good stable and good ac-
commodations. Minneapolis, Ottawa county, Kansas.DURFEE HOUSE,
E. A. SKINNER, Proprietor. Corner New Hampshire
and Pickens streets, Lawrence, Kansas.MECHANICAL.
H. C. STANLEY,
CARPENTER, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR, Shop
opposite Eberhardt's harness yard.S. C. SERVICE,
House, sign, fresco and carriage painter. Mar-
keting grain and paper hanging done with neatness and dis-
patch. No. 35 Fifth street, Salina, Kansas.J. R. CHAPMAN,
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARPENTER PAINTER. Glaz-
ing and paper hanging done with neatness and dis-
patch. Opposite Treadwell's hardware store, up stairs.LAUGHLIN & FITZGERALD,
CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS, Salina, Kansas.
Are prepared to contract for buildings of any kind in
city or county; also for moving buildings. Shop on
5th street.FREIGHTING.
T. H. DERRINGTON,
Takes this method of informing the citizens of Salina
and country that he has a team in constant operation
for the hauling of goods, etc. Special attention paid
to the hauling of goods from the depot. I will be found
on the street, ready to do any job, or at my residence
at the corner of 4th and Mulberry streets (in the south-
east part of the city).SALOONS.
THE LONE STAR SALOON,
BARRY BOWMAN, Proprietor. Billiards and Li-
quors. Brookville, Kansas.AUCTIONEERING.
J. E. GARRETT offers his services to the public as an
auctioneer. Having had considerable experience as
such, he promises by strict attention to business to obtain
a share of the public patronage. He will keep a book
for the register of stock and articles that persons may
desire sold at private sale. The register will always
be open for public inspection.D. W. POWERS, J. W. POWERS, D. R. POWERS,
D. W. POWERS & CO.,
BANKERS,
Salina, : : Kansas.Banking House on Iron Ave.
Frank Goodnow,
DEALER IN
WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN
PINE LUMBER,
SALINA, KANSAS. BLENDS, BUILDINGS
Lath, Shingles, Pickets and Fence Posts,
49, 51 and 53 SANTA FE AVENUE.
BUY FOR CASH AND SELL FOR CASH

The Saline County Journal.

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NUMBER 19.

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

The author of these beautiful lines was Mary Francis
Tyler, a young girl of seventeen, small stature, with
curling fair hair, gray eyes, living in Michigan.
She had early manifested a poetic taste, and had writ-
ten considerable for local papers. Her first published
poem was printed when she was but ten years old, and
several poems written between her thirteenth and fif-
teenth years attracted considerable attention, and drew
forth complimentary letters from distinguished people.

This is a simple song, 'tis true—
My songs are never over nice—
And yet I'll try and scatter through
A little bunch of good advice.

Then listen, pensive friends and learn
To never boast of much renown,
For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.

I know a vast amount of stocks
A vast amount of pride I know,
But fair has luck so many locks
I wouldn't like to warrant you.

Remember then and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown
For he is likely to go up
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree,
[The truth may be as well confessed,]
That God's hand is never far
From the good and the bad.

And make him in his good and bad,
And make him in his good and bad,
Both reward a goodly race,
From Father Adam's handiwork.

Life is uncertain—full of change;
Little we have that will endure;
And 'twere a waste of time to grieve
That things are high or more secure.

And if the fickle goddess smile,
Yielding the scepter and the crown,
Then let us go and come again,
For four you'll see him going down.

This world, for all of us, my friends,
Has something more than pounds and pence;
This life let us humbly recommend,
A little use of common sense.

Thus let all pride and place aside,
And save a care on whom you throw,
For four you'll see him going down,
When you are only coming down.

THE SHADOWY HAND.
AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR'S NARRATIVE.

I am a traveler and collector for a
large house, that executes many orders
throughout the country. When I have
an extensive district, which is often the
case, I frequently have a considerable
sum of money about me; and on occa-
sions therefore has rendered me
very uneasy; but no time more than
that of which I am now about to speak.

I had been assigned a large territory
in the West, a region of country rough
and mountainous, and which I had
cause to believe, abounded spirits, who
might possibly, give me some trouble.

A person of my calling is always sup-
posed to have considerable money about
him when he has been out for a number
of days or weeks; and many is the
time that I have seen people look at me
with an expression upon their faces that
spoke louder than words how much they
would like a chance of seeing what my
wallet contained. But thus far they
have never had their wishes gratified in
this respect, and so long as my faithful
six-shooter does not play me false, I
don't mean that they shall.

I had been for nearly three weeks in
the district to which I had been assigned,
and in that time had collected a large
sum of money. There were several
merchants residing in that large man-
ufacturing village, among the mountains,
who had received considerable consign-
ments of goods, and I had always found
them very prompt with their money
when I called upon them for it.

One day, at noon-time, saw me in one
of these villages, hemmed in on all sides
by high peaks and lofty summits-passes.
I had transacted my business there, and
now sought the landlord of the inn, to
learn my way to the next village, that I
wished to visit. From him I found that
it was twenty miles by the public road,
and rough and hilly into the bargain.

"But there is no nearer way?" I asked.
"If the road is in the state you
say, it will be long after night-fall before
I get there, and it looks much as though
we might have rain presently."

"There is a road over the mountain,"
he answered, after a moment's pause;
"but it has not been used much of late
years, and the way is rough. Still, it
can be got over; and as it but a little
more than half the distance to the main
road, you will get to Libby fully
an hour earlier than you can that way."

"Then I shall try it, for I want to get
there, if possible before the rain comes
down. The roughness of the road does
not so much matter, as I am on horse-
back. Had I a vehicle, it would be dif-
ferent. I suppose there is no danger of
my losing my way?"

"Not in daylight, if you keep your
eyes open. There are roads, or rather
paths, that branch off, but you will see
at once that you are not to take them."

"But I suppose there are inhabitants
all along, of whom I can inquire as to
whether I am going right?"

The landlord shrugged his shoulders.
"There ain't many of them," he said,
"and I wouldn't have much to do with
them. They would be as likely to set
you wrong as right."

"What would be their motive in do-
ing this?"

This question the landlord did not
answer. Some one called him away
just then, and the conversation ceased.
A little later I settled my bill, and then
went out and mounted my horse, which
had been brought round by the host,
and as I was about to ride away, the
landlord himself appeared at the door.

"Keep the road straight ahead, and
keep your eyes open," he said.

"Thank you, I will do so, I answered.
"Good-day," and the landlord waved
his hand as I rode off.

A half-mile from the village, and the
ascend commenced. Step by step, my
horse bore me upwards toward the re-
gion of the clouds, which hung heavily
charged with water above me. Did the
summit lie much higher, it seemed as
though I must reach and be enveloped
in their folds. But the cloud-bank did
not touch the ridge, as I passed over it.
Getting my last look of the village I had
left, I plunged down into a gloomy valley
which lay before me.

For hours I wound along the most
wretched road I ever saw. Every now
and then a path would branch off, lead-
ing apparently into the heart of the forest,
perhaps to some coal mine long de-
serted.

Not a human being had I seen since I

commenced the ascent upon the other
side; nor was there a habitation, other
than one or two hovels that seemed to
have been abandoned to silence and de-
cay long ago.

The after-noon passed away, and night
came on; and still there was no change;
no sign of my being near Libby. All
was the same mountainous, dreary wil-
derness as that through which I had
been passing so many hours. With the
coming of the darkness the rain began
to fall. This added the disquiet I al-
ready felt; for I feared I had left the
right road, and had got into one of
those paths I knew not whither.

Easter and faster fell the rain and
with every moment the gloom increased,
until the darkness was such that it could
almost be felt. Still I plodded on, feel-
ing that there was little chance of reach-
ing my destination, but with the hope
that I might stumble upon some cabin
that possessed human inhabitants, where
I could find a fire and shelter for my
night.

More than an hour passed, and I had
nearly given up all hopes of finding a
shelter, when I beheld the gleam of a
light before me. Encouraged by the
sight, I urged my horse onward, and in
a few minutes found myself in front
of a cabin, through the window of which
the light gleamed that had attracted my
attention.

Dismounting, I approached; and rapped
loudly upon the door. There was a
shuffling of feet within; then it was
thrown open, and a man holding a can-
dle in his hand, appeared upon the
threshold, and demanded what I wanted.

As the light flashed upon his face, I had
the impression that I had seen him before,
but it was gone in a moment. In an-
swer to his demand, I told him that I
wanted shelter for myself and horse for
the night, and that in the morning he
would guide me to Libby; he should be
suitably rewarded.

He made some muttering reply, the
burden of which I did not catch, owing
to the driving of the rain; and then,
setting the candle down upon the floor,
he came out, saying as he laid his hand
upon the horse's bridle, "Tain't very
good quarters that you'll get here, mister;
but perhaps it is better than it is out in
the rain."

"Any shelter is better than none, on
such a night as this," I answered as I
dismounted. And I followed him round
to a rude hovel, where he led the best
he could for my horse's comfort.

Then we went into the cabin, he pick-
ing up the candle he had placed upon
the floor, observing as he did so, "I
keep bachelor's hall here, so you mustn't
expect much; but you are hungry I
suppose?"

I replied in the affirmative, as I drew
up to the fire that blazed upon the stone
hearth, the heat of which was very
grateful after my exposure to the storm.

I watched my host as he placed some
bread and meat upon the rude table; and
his every look and motion went to con-
firm the impression that I had seen him
before, and then it flashed upon my
mind where and where. It was at the
hotel where I had passed the previous
night. He was among the rough un-
shorn loafers that were hanging about
the bar.

The food being set out, he placed a
rude seat by the table; and told me that
my supper was ready, making some ex-
cuse because it was not as good as I
desired; and as hunger is the best appeti-
zer a man can have, I did the coarse
providence ample justice. When I was
satisfied, I resumed my seat once more
by the fire, and tried to enter into con-
versation with my host; but making
poor headway, he did not see an incli-
nation to talk; and after a while I gave
it up, and we sat in silence for some time;

he ever and anon stealing a glance at
me from under his ashey eyebrows, which
in spite of myself, made me feel a little
uneasy when I reflected upon the money
I had about me.

At last, tired of this, I told him that
I would like to go to bed, if he had a
place where I might lie down. Upon
this, he rose and led the way into the
other small apartment of the cabin, and
setting down the candle, went out and
closed the door.

There was a rude bed in one corner
of the room, covered with a ragged
quilt; and upon this I threw myself
without taking off my clothes. My six-
shooter I placed beside me, where I could
lay my hand upon it at a moment's warn-
ing; and then I blew out the candle, and
tried to sleep. But this I soon found was
impossible to do. A nameless some-
thing kept me awake. I could scarcely
define it as fear. It was more of a nerv-
ousness that I could not shake off, try
as I would. My eyes would not stay
shut, but wanted to remain wide open
and fixed upon the wall where the fire-
light, which shone through the cracks
in the partition against which my bed
stood, played with a weird sort of light.

Try as I would, I could not keep my
eyes from the wall. Did I close them,
the next minute they would be again
wide open. Did I turn my head, I would
be looking there again almost before
I knew it. What I expected to see I hard-
ly knew. Yet it came at last.

Suddenly upon the wall where the
light from the fire shown the brightest,
there appeared the shadowy hand of a
man, clasping a long deadly looking
knife!

For a moment my gaze was riveted up-
on it, that I could not turn my eyes, but
a sound in the adjoining room broke the
spell. Starting hastily up upon my el-
bow, I peered through a crack that was
close to my hand, and the sight I beheld
caused another thrill similar to that
which the shadowy hand had given me.

My host with a long knife in his hand,
was approaching on tip-toe to the door
which led to my bed room. It was the
shadowy hand of a man that I had
seen upon the wall.

That he had designed upon my life, I

could not doubt; and, thankful for the
warning I had received, I prepared to
meet him. Noiselessly I crept from the
bed, and with my six-shooter in my
hand, stationed myself at the foot. The
door was noiselessly pushed open, and
the would-be murderer entered the room,
as silently as a phantom approaching the
bed side. His arm, with the deadly
knife grasped in his hand, was for a mo-
ment held above the bed; and then it
decided with a force that would have
sent the blade through the body of a
man, had one been lying there.

This was all I wanted. Surely here
was evidence enough to justify me in
what I did. I raised my arm, and fired;
and with a groan, the villain fell forward
upon the couch where I laid hardly a
minute before. With my finger upon
the trigger, should another shot be need-
ed, I struck a match and lighted a can-
dle; then holding it out before me I ap-
proached the bed. The villain lay motion-
less. My bullet had found its way
through his heart.

You can imagine how the rest of the
night passed to me. With earliest dawn
I mounted my horse and as good luck
would have it, I rode directly toward
Libby, where I arrived a couple of hours.
I was not long in searching out the prop-
er officers, to whom I told my story;
and a little later I guided them back to
the cabin, where they found all as I had
stated, and at once exonerated me from
blame in causing the villain's death.

Making Methodist Bishops.

As we sat in the Brooklyn Academy
of Music, one of the great throngs that
watched the General Conference make
Bishops, we could not repress two ques-
tions. The first was suggested by the
pale faces and restive behavior of some
who were hoping for an election. It
was, what does any man want of the
office? It is a grand source of influence,
doubtless, and a conscientious man cal-
led to such a position might well be ob-
liged to accept so wide a field. But there
are ambitious men whose motives are
not the highest, who are understood to
want an office that sends him traveling
around the world like Noah's restless
dove, and keeps him always settling the
questions in which the personal and vital
interests of men are involved in the most
delicate way—what a man wants with it
as a matter of self-interest, we do not see.
There are no emoluments but a salary of
thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and
all sorts of difficulties.

And the second question we asked
was, what makes this crowd feel so much
interest in the contest? From an early
hour all three o'clock the densely pack-
ed aisles and galleries stand dimly lit,
watching the slow-moving election. They
feel, doubtless, that interest in a human
crisis that all men feel—the interest that
makes people read novels and biographies
and all that. And people are excited by
any sort of a contest, from a base-ball
game to the election of a president or a
bishop.

The depth of interest in the Confer-
ence was shown by the preliminary skin-
ning. All sorts of regulations were
passed, calculated to guard the accuracy
and purity of the election. At last the
last order was passed, and Bishop Simp-
son, ringing his loud gavel upon the table,
said: "Prepare your ballots for
eight bishops." Then it took an hour for
the tellers to collect the votes of four
hundred delegates, each man's name
being called as he voted.

And then all sorts of speaking went
on while the hours were away, during
which the tellers tardily counted thirty-
two hundred and sixty-four ballots, writ-
ten on four hundred and eight ballots.
But long before the tellers came back,
somebody whispers something to the
general secretary, and one flash of radi-
ance, immediately controlled, lets the
most observant of his friends know that
Dr. Harris has been elected. And before
the vote is read it is whispered all over
the room the Bowman, Harris, and
Foster have been chosen on the first
ballot. This does not decrease the im-
patience of the audience to know the
state of a vote that is a pretty certain
index of the final result, a result not
reached until after two more sessions.

Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., who
was chosen by the largest vote on the
first ballot, has been for years President
of the Indiana Asbury University. He
is an excellent educator, a preacher of
eloquence and great popularity, a polished
scholar, and a refined gentleman.

Rev. William L. Harris, D. D., has
been for many years the secretary of the
General Conference and a more efficient
secretary a deliberate body never had.
He has also been the active correspond-
ing secretary of the Missionary Society.
He was for years a professor of mathe-
matics in the Ohio Wesleyan University,
and is a most genial and delightful
gentleman and an eminent scholar.

He does not possess any gifts as an or-
ator, being slow, deliberate, and some-
times hesitating in preaching, though he
is a keen debater. But he has the rarest
exercises of parliamentary law, and will
be in every regard, except as a pulpit
orator, a magnificent bishop.

Rev. Randolph S. Foster, D. D., who
was also chosen on the first ballot; is the
President of the Drew Theological Sem-
inary, a man of large requirements and
of a national fame as a pulpit orator and
a theological writer. It is understood
that his election to the episcopal office is
very affecting to him and his family, the
work of a bishop being far less suited to
his tastes and character than his present
field.

Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D., has been for
years the editor of the *Ladies' Repository*
at Cincinnati, in which position he suc-
ceeded Bishop Clark. Dr. Wiley is a
highly educated man and a graceful
writer. He was for some years a mis-
sionary in China.

Rev. S. M. Merrill, D. D., came sud-
denly into prominence four years ago by

a speech made in the General Confer-
ence. He has served four years as edi-
tor of the *Western Christian Advocate*
and has made his paper very able, though
not a little denominational and even ag-
gressive in tone. Dr. Merrill is radical-
ly conservative on everything, but he is
yet in the prime of life and a genial man,
and with the wide experience of a Meth-
odist Bishop added, he will doubtless
soften some of his aggressiveness, and at
any rate he will make a very able of-
ficer.

Rev. Gilbert Haven is even more po-
sitive than Dr. Merrill. He is indeed the
most positive and aggressive man in the
Methodist Church, and has made Zion's
Herald since he took it a blazing battery.

It marks an era when a man who ad-
vocates woman's suffrage, and who has ad-
vocated amalgamation, can be elected a
bishop. But Mr. Haven, though fiercely
radical on suffrage and amalgamation
and labor reform, is not less fiercely or-
thodox on eternal punishment, total de-
pravity, and all the rest, uttering his
views without flinching or mincing. He
is a man of vast reading, incisive intel-
lect, infinite courage and combativeness,
genial and even hearty manners, and will
altogether prove a no-easter among the
bishops.

Rev. E. G. Andrews, D. D., has been
a pastor in Brooklyn, and is a man of fine
culture and excellent ability. He was
for many years an eminent educator. His
devout piety, fine scholarship, and
thorough manliness make his selection
to the office of bishop a most admirable
one.

Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., the last
elected is physically the largest man in
the Methodist minister and is also a man
of broad and genial sympathies and
strong ability.

The finest compliment paid to any man
by this election, was the failure to elect
Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., though his emi-
nent abilities have long pointed him out
as one of the very fittest men in the
Church for the office. The one objection
urged to Mr. Haven's election, and it was
an objection that proved fatal to him,
was that he could not in any wise be
spared from the great and highly im-
portant institution of learning that he is
building up at Evanston, near Chicago.

His election would have dimmed the
prospects of the Northwestern University,
and would even have effected the price
of real estate in Evanston. It is
said there was a Chicago lobby endeavor-
ing to prevent his election—because
they valued him so highly.

In this election, as in previous ones,
the pipe-layers and wire-pullers, the
men who are to be found in every body,
ready to seek high position in improper
ways, were all left out, we believe. And
there were many men of very high char-
acter, quite as well qualified as those
who were chosen, that were not elected.

For our part, we are disposed to con-
gratulate them on their escape from an
office the work of which is so arduous,
and the duties of which are so difficult
and delicate.—*Heath and Home.*

Husbands and Wives.

By the tone at present adopted, both
in speaking and writing of women, we
are painfully reminded that the days of
chivalry are past. The amiable, intelli-
gent, much-enduring companion of man,
the partner of his sorrows here, and the
co-heir with his inheritance hereafter, is
spoken of in terms of coarseness, ridicule
and reproach absolutely painful to dwell
upon respect and courtesy are at an end;
the question seems to be who will say
how every fault can be proclaimed,
every weakness exaggerated, every vir-
tue denied. There was a time when this
would have been considered unmanly,
ungentlemanly; but the Christian code
is now reversed. "Let every man take up
his cross and cast it at him." If a man,
unfortunately, has a wife, and they are
going on in tolerable peace and har-
mony, some daily newspaper will open his
eyes concerning the serpent he is cher-
ishing in his bosom. He thought, poor
man, in his simplicity, he had a kind,
amiable, good sort of woman, who was
doing her best for him and for the chil-
dren but he suddenly finds he has been
deceived from first to last. One
of the plagues of Egypt has taken pos-
session of his house, spreading ruin and
devastation around, caring for nothing
but so far as it tends to her own personal
comfort and convenience. Vain and self-
ish, extravagant and cruel; if she can
have her jewels of silver and jewels of
gold, her brougham by day and her
opera by night, her husband and children
may take care of themselves, live or die,
remain in England or take a trip to
Hong Kong, it matters not to her. And
this Egyptian plague was so dark in her
dealings, so cunning and mysterious in
her arrangements, her poor, deluded hus-
band never dreamed of the daily decep-
tion practiced on him; and though he
has read the history of his wrongs over
and over again in clear print and on
good paper, the fraud has been so sys-
tematic and ingenious he cannot realize
it yet.

From the mischievous nonsense of this
modern school of critics, who have lost
all faith in women and virtue, it is re-
freshing to turn to the recorded opinions
of great and noble men concerning their
wives. We will quote the example of
two distinguished lawyers, Sir James
Mackintosh, and Sir Samuel Romilly,
whose learning and character give weight
to their testimony, and who lived in
times so little removed from our own,
that the influence of their spirit ought
to reach us yet. Sir James Mackintosh,
shortly after the death of his wife, thus
wrote to Dr. Parr:

"Allow me, in justice to her memory,
to tell you what she was and what I
owed to her. I was guided in my choice
only by the blind affection of my youth.
I found an intelligent companion and a
tender friend, a prudent mistress, the
most faithful of wives, and a mother as
tender as children ever had the misfor-

tune to lose. I met a woman who, by a
tender management of my weaknesses,
gradually corrected the most pernicious
of them. She became prudent from af-
fection, and, though of the most generous
nature, she was taught frugality and
economy by her love for me. She gently
reclaimed me from dissipation, she pro-
pelled my weak and irresolute nature, she
urged my indolence to all the exertions
that have been useful or creditable to me,
she was perpetually at hand to admonish
my heedlessness or imprudence. To her
I owe whatever I am, to her whatever
I shall be. I lost her, alas! at the mo-
ment when I had the prospect of her
sharing my better days. If I had lost
the giddy and thoughtless companion of
prosperity, the world could easily repair
the loss; but I have lost the faithful and
tender companion of my misfortunes,
and my only consolation is in that being
under whose severe but paternal chari-
tament I am bent down to the ground."

That is the testimony of a man who,
his biographer tells us, was esteemed for
his candor and amiability, for his clear-
ness and comprehensiveness of think-
ing, and the great diversity of his knowl-
edge.

We will now give the touching mem-
orial of Sir Samuel Romilly. In 18